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YPSILANTI SENTINEL blished every Wednesday, at Ypsilanti Washt naw Co. Michigan, by CHARLES WOODRUFF.

TERMS. \$1,50 Cash in advance and \$2,00 will invariably be charged if payment is delayed three months from the time of subscribing.

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE. "Restore to me my wealth," said a great lady to be husband, who was about to put her away r a younger bride, and when assured that her for-ne should all return to her, "My beauty, my love my youth," she answered, "these are my restore these, and I am content."

"So thou art woary of thy wife, Inconstant lord of mine; Thou questionest if the marriage bond Be quite a bond divine! For thou hast clasped a whiter hand, And kissed a ruddier cheek, And with a false and perjured lip, Hast dared of love to speak!

Yet be it as thou wilt-I scorn, The struggling hand to bind—
The allegiance of the heart I seek,
And that I cannot find!
I will not cloud thy darkening eye,
Once brighter at my stay,
For the self-same voice that urged me here,
Now harrisoners.

But give me back the dower I brought To this thy princely home.

For not the poor and portionless
Did I thy bridegroom come:

Ha—' shall my fortune all return?'

'Twas ne'er of gold I spake:

Now hurries me away!

"No-give me back my truer wealth-My beauty and my youth: My beanty and my youth; Give back the trustful tenderness That rested in thy truth!
Give back my first, my only love,
In the heart's green springtime given,
Ere yet I learned what anguish meant—
For earth then seemed like heaven!

"Give back my soul's deep sympathies Its fondly anxious fears— And (when thy lightest grief was known) its fast descending teams!
Give back my morning star of hope,
Long set to rise no more:
Thus is the downy—this the wealth
I bid thee to restore!"

## MY OWN DEAR NATIVE LAND. BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

I've wandered far in distant land, Beyond old ocean's wave, And stranger hearts and kindly hands A generous welcome gave:
I've stood among the high and great,
In many a lofty hall,
Where titled wealth and glittering state Held joyous carnival

But kind and generous and warm
As were the hearts I met,
Their welcome had no power te charm, Or lure me to forget My own loved land. The memory came,

In bower or stately dome, Across my soul, with magic gleam, Of my dear native home.

What though its fields are wild and rude?
Its mountains rough and high?
And tempest-floods, in angry mood,
And turbulent, rush by?
It is the land of free-born men,
Who spurn Oppression's thrall, And every me Echo to Freedom's call.

To tyrant fee shall ever wave His conquering sceptre here: The heritage our futhers gave, Their offspring will hold dear.

With high resolve, and faith sincore,
A patriot host they stand,
To guard the fame, unstain'd and clear,
Of our loved native land.—Ladies' Book.

## A Rent-Life Last Chapter.

A French Journal condenses, from a Spanish the report of a recent trial, the story of saper, the report of a recent transparent of a novel than a passage of real life. A young man, newly married, in one of the parishes of the Asturias, was tempted to try to better his fortunes by a trip to South America. He left his wife in the curate of the village, through whom he engaged to send to her whatever means of support he could lay aside. Fortune favored him, and the curate soon received 500 piasters, with a suggestions that it had better not be given all at at the Capitoi. nce, lest so unusual and unexpected good fortune should intoxicate her. The curate obeyed he instructions by giving to the wife twentyive piasters only, and, as the husband continued to prosper, and began to send sums larger and larger, the temptation to sequester portions of the remittances became too strong. It struck the curate after a while that, the husband being happily established in business abroad, he might possibly be tempted to remain there should he he hear of the death of his wife, and not daring head, a nose, spread out on his cheeks like a to continue to deceit on its first footing any longer, he made out the necessary copies of the registration of her death, and with a letter of ill sum to pay the expenses of funeral. At the same time, he notified the wife cir- the morning to be chisselled by any of your sly

Years rolled on, and the supposed widow re-married, and had several children by her second husband. The exile, on the contrary, whose views of life were entirely changed by the death of his wife, took holy orders, and in that char-acter, at last, thought to re-visit his native land. His first call, naturally, was upon the curate, who had very nearly forgotten his existence,— hut was of course dumb-foundeed at his unwel-come apparition. In his confusion he suddenly pleaded a pressing hurry to depart for Oyiedo, and, the new-comer being now of his cloth, he requested him to perform his duties in his absence. He fled, leaving the new incumbent on of a Sunday, and with directions to perform the grand mass in his surplice. Overcome with his feelings on returning to his early home, the widower priest composed that night a ser-mon, in which he referred to the dealings of Providence with himself nce with himself, and spoke of his lost She was present among his anditory, four or five children by another husband. She occupied a conspicuous place in the nave of the church, and was observed to be much troubled during the celebration of the introducmies of the mass. The sermon, of left no room to doubt the truth of her ag- drink?" gitated recognition, and with violent screams at last she gave way to her emotions. The curious plied Slunk. "It soothes the system, and bedrama was soon fully unfolded, and the criminal sides decidedly patriotic. The present time eing soon after found concealed at As-now awaiting his trial. What became "Yes; we must

of the nullified surplice, children and husband, is left, by the report, to the imagination.—

From the National Era. PORTRAITS FOR THE PEOPLE

BY JOHN SMITH THE YOUNGER. THE PRIVATE CLAIMANT. Ear. Oh! grief hath changed me since you saw me And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand, [last; Have written strange defeatures in my face: But tell me yet, Dost thou not know my voice?

Commedy of Errors.

A strange caravansery is a Washington boar ding house at times! The very atmosphere of the place is peculiar. As you push open the door, after vainly essaying the bell, which, like the smooth face of the hypocrite, has no connection with the interior, you become sensible of an odor strongly suggestive of the mysterious rites of the kitchen, and the nightly horrors of three in a bed. As you pass through the darkened hall, you catch a glimpse of a long, nar-row table, covered with indescribably dirty linen, and that ubiquitous personage, "the waiter," very diligently engaged at the sideboard in wiping the plates and checking the perspiration with a napkin whose saponaceous era has been, it is evident exactly coeval with that of the tablecloth. Rushing up the staircase, in order to escape from the awful effluvia which ascend from the regions below, you may not have time to observe that the carpet is worn to tatters by the feet of the numerous inmates, like the stones at Lough Derg by the knees of the pil-grims, unless you may be tripped up at the first landing, and so be compelled to pay homage to that miracle of consistency in the city of Wash ington-the dust covered clock, which from time immemorial has indicated the hour of

Proceedings still farther, you have harried to drop it. visions of piles of public documents, heaped up in rooms where strange-looking figures, seated on unclean beds and dusty sofas, are fiercely smoking the vilest cigars; of slip-shod women with hair in paper, peeping at you as you pass one hand upon the half-closed door, and the other carefully veiling their charms from the profane gaze of the stranger; of squalling children, with swollen eyes and tiny arms, twisting and writhing in the arms of gin-loving "nurses;" whilst at every step your ears are assailed by the confused sound produced by eightand fortyhuman beings scolding, shouting, laugh ing,talking screaming, singing,talking,scream ing, singing, swearing; so that you are sick at heart, sick at stomach, and utterly bewildered by the time you reach the fourth landing, and there, in a miserable, apartment, eight feet by ten, find Mr. Benjamin Mudge, one of the most redoubtable of those terrors of Congressmen, denominated "Private Claimants."

The first thing that strikes you in Mudge is that indescribable air which distinguishes the gentleman at large, who lives upon his means, and which had such charms in the eyes of young Clutterbuck, as he contemplated the enviable Captain Doolittle. But Mudge is by no means in such feather as that eminent personage. The truth is, Mudge is exceedingly shabby. Not that the thought of that gives him the least. He has long since passed thro the acute stage of the destructive process called seediness, and now exhibits the most exemplary disregard of all patry consideration touch ing the state of his raiment; Mudge has a round fat, good-humored face, was never known to injure a human being, and conceives the sum total of mertal enjoyment to consist in an unupply of beer and tobacco. And ver hundreds of respectable gentlemen can testify to the extraordinary genius of Mudge.

Mudge became one of Uncle Sam's creditors his uncle, old John Van Wagenen, assigned him, on his death-bed, a share in a claim against the Federal Government, amounting to twenty-six thousand dollars, which had been created during the last war with Great Britain and been in abeyance ever since. Benjunia immediately started for Washington, in order to prosecute the claim His first business was, to seek out one Mr. Madison Slunk, an office -holder from his native district who possessed. be was told, a vast deal of influence at the seat of Government.

On the afternoon in question, Mr. Slunk was seated, with some half dozen members of the House, and three or four office-beggars from various parts of the country, in front of one of the taverns on the Avenue, smoking "long nines," and making ver merry on account o some signally successful manœuvre that day

"It takes you, Snorter, it does !" said one o the party, a burly savage, with enormous whisguess 'Old Sledge' feels pretty considerably uskers, who was looking after a consulship. "I orable friend the sum he has asked.

"Sarved him right!" exclaimed another, knock-

ing the ashes off his cigar. "I tell you the critter was struck all of a heap," remarked Snorter, a thickset, middle head, a nose, spread out on his checks like a pancake, and a lower jaw huge and massive as that with which Samson smote the Philistines. "He thought to come the old game on this child delence, sent them abroad, drawing for a but it was no go. In our part of the country her small sum to pay the expenses of funecumstantially, of the death of her husband, and hypocentical, Eastern, canting humbugs; we're the two operations were achieved without extensions, a suspicion.

hypocentical, Eastern, canting humbugs; we're not 'xactly so green. The bill will pass; it must pass. Blazes was nicely caught, though;

that's sartin !" "That's a fact !" said a lean-faced, solomnooking man, shaking his head, and looking a round with an air of profoundest wisdom, as if he had just uttered a most startling aphorism.

"He tried hard to bluff me off." Snorter, but he could'nt come it. He squirmed and twisted, but wherever he turned, I was thar! I tell you, I hate that blasted old fool"-And the speaker evinced the sincerity of his afectionate feeling by a most diaboblical grin. "Perfectly right, 'Snorter-perfectly right!' said Slurk, a little, restless, dark-visaged man, whose face wore a perpetual sinister smile, and who fidgeted about like a hungry mosquito.— The most disagreeable two-legged all creation is a small great man, and the next is a small great man's factotum. Blazes is a

ctotum—a miserable sucker."
"Slunk, that's a fact!" said the Solon. "I feel very dry !" exclaimed Snorter rising and flinging the remains of his cigar into the

The whole party simultaneously rese and fol lowed Snorter into the bar-room.
"Jake a brandy-smasher. Slunk, what il you

"I believe I'll try some fifty-four-forty," "Yes; we must stick to our country."

'For 'tis' their duty all the learned think,

"Y espouse their cause by which they eat and drink'
"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Snorter, turning hastily around to the last speaker.
"Oh! never mind him," said Slunk, in a lew
tone, interposing between Snorter and the young man, who was quietly lighting a cigar, "never mind him; he's only one of the New York let-ter-writers! My dear Mr. Tinnit, I'm very happy to meet you !" he added, in a tone of

happy to meet you?" he added, in a tone of great condescension, turning to the man of letters. "Won't you join us?"

"No; thank you," said the other, as he turned on his heel and walked off.

"Well, reely, I consider these chaps unkimmon nuisances," remarked one of the party, a fellow with a very sanctified expression, who was was now munching a piece of lemon peel. "Confound them, a man can't leave the House for a drink, without some of them sleeping it down in their vile correspondence." down in their vile correspondence."
"It's all your own fault, my boy," said Slunk

"Do as I do."

"How's that ?" eagerly asked the other. "The simpliest thing in the world," replied Slunk, endeavoring to pick a morsel of ice from his glass, now quite drained of the liquor. "Put some grease on their palms! They itch so infernally, it's only common humanity to do it! But my dear friend, Modge! Is it possible? When did you get here? I'm delighted to meet you! How do you do?"—And Slunk seized the hand of Mr. Benjamin Mudge, who had just at that moment entered the bar-room, and shook it as if he meant never

"Oh ! I'm hearty as a buck, said Mudge, delighted with his reception.
"Come, come, let us make you acquainted with my friends. (The most influential men in the House, Mudge.) Mr. Snorter-Mr. Mudge, one of Figs's constituents; Democrat-

ic to the backbone!" "And a leetle further, if necessary," added

Mudge, with a knowing shake of his head.
"I'm proud to know you, sir," said Snorter, with sudden and ludicrous affectation of dignity "Join us, sir?" "You drink with me! gents," said Mudge, "Waiter! drinks for the party. Neighbors,

walk up to the capting's office.' And the invitation was promply complied with by Slunk and his party, together with a number of others who were lounging about await-

ing an opportunity to fasten on some "fresh ar-rival" like Mudge. When the party had drunk five or six times, at Mndge's expense, Slunk took that liberal gentleman aside, and, in a very friendly tone, nquired the nature of the business which had nduced him to visit the seat of Government.— Mudge informed him that he came to prosecute his claim; and added, that he supposed all he had to do was to get an order on the Treasury

from the committee of the House.

"Not so fast, not so fast, my dear Mudge," said Mr. Slunk. "The fact is, there's a good deal of formality to be attended to in prosecuting these claims; mere rotine, to be sure, but still, you know, it must be attended to. If I can do

anything"—
"Slank, you're a trump! That's just what I wanted to see about," said his admiring con-

arse, my boy. Old Buckeye easily be got to report a hill, and the delegation have influence enough, surely, to carry it through."

"How long must I stay here ?" asked Mudge. "I want to get back by the time the navigation

"Oh! I guess we'll get it through very speedily," briskly replied the influental official. I'll fntroduce yen, to morrow, to a a very particular friend of mine, an agent for claims, an ex-member, the Hon. Abraham Keen one of the best fellows in the States. He'll fix you off .-But come along, Mudge, I have an engagement with some of the boys to-night, and I want to introduce you to them. First I must take you some of the rounds.

"Still the old sixpence, by gosh !" exclaimed Mr. Benjamin, quite in an ecstasy.

"Oh! my boy, you're very good; But, by the by, have you got an X about you?' inquired Slunk, very carelessly. "I have left my pecket-book at my room, and we may want some of the needful." "Sartainly; twenty at your service," promptly

replied the innocent Mudge, handing his hon-"Thank ye," said Slunk, hastily thrusting the bill in his pocket; "now we'll make a night

And, lighting their cigars, the pair left the bar-room, and walked down the Avenue, till they crossed the broad throughfare, and passing

over a rickety bridge, thrown across a slugglish muddy stream. Slunk singing out very lustily the popular air"Oh! it's my delight of a shining night,

In the season of the year."

They continued their walk till they reached a large brick house, having the blinds of the windows carefully closed. Slunk knotked gently and the doors being slowly and cautlously open

ed, he and Mudge were admitted.

Next morning, Mudge awoke with a violent headache, and his slender pecuniary resources diminished to the amount of one hundred dollars; but as to the how or wherefore of the process by which he had been relieved of his funds, he retained a rather indistinct recollection. Just as he was endeavoring to arrange in his mind the particulars of the last night's adventures, in which Slunk appeared to figure conspicuously, that personage entered the a partment, and loudly greeted his friend.

Snorter swallowing the contents of his glass at Slunk very complacently regarded himself in as dreadful; but our flesh creeps at the remem-

the glass.

"How is it you do keep off the man with the poker?" asked Mudge shaking like an aspen.—

"Why, I'll tell you replied the other. "I'm never so thirsty as to drink bad liquor; I'm never so thirsty as fat therefore, as you see a gulp.

"Ahem! of course! Jake give me a light,' said a pale young man in shabby clothes, who stepped up to the bar as Slunk was speaking.

"Of course! er so hungry as to eat fat therefore, as you see I'm as tough as a badger, and could eat a jack and a hamper of greens. But here's the stuff! Bome take a nip!

The two gentlemen then helped themselves liberally from the bottle of brandy, "That's the ticket," continued Slunk. "Now to business. I have spoken to Keen about your claim. He'll put it through for a hundred dollars cash and ten per cent, on the bill's passage. I advise you to put it into his hands. He's an honorable man, I assure you, and I would trust

him as soon as my own brother."
"You know best," said Mudge. "I'm agree-

(Concluded in our next.)

## IRELAND.

Accounts of famine, fever and death in Ire land are still occupying a considerable portion of the press, but not to such an overwhe extent as formerly. They give partially to disputes about the proposed measures for the re-lief of the country and to accounts of murders and outrage. Both the Conservative and the repeal newspapers opposed violently the pas-sage of the poor law bill. It is denounced as a system that "will be ruinous to the country; that will pauperize all classes save the wealthy landlord and the funded proprietor, bearing down by the weight of taxation consequent upon its adoption, "the middleman, the country gentle-man and the agriculturist, and tending to the total abandonment of agriculture"—and as a "plan to divide the small means of the nation among the millions of the poor." From these expressions one at a distance would be apt to conclude that it is in reality a measure of relief in some degree adequate to the emergency it is designed to meet.

The country, and little wonder, is rapidly becoming disorganized. Crime is following up-on want and misery. It is not apparent, how-ever, that the districts which have suffered most are those where crime most prevails Lawless men seem to be taking advantage of the gener-

al prostration and setting the law at defiance. Mr. Prim, holding some office on the public works in Kilkenny, and having a large sum of money in his possession, for the payment of wages, was attacked, and, together with a police man, murdered, and the booty carried off. The following extract from the address of the assistant barrister for Kilkenny, at the opening of his court, will show the state of things in that country. One of the murderers was shot in the

"These murders were committed at an early hour in the morning, in the midst of a populous country, surrounded by the residences of country geniamen, and in the vicinity of an employ-ed population. The assassinations were com-mitted at a moment when these public functionaries, as I may call them, were discharging their functions, and doing nothing else. They were barbarously murdered, if is said, by five men, one of whom, in the gallant defence made by the unfortunate young gentleman lost his felon life. But that the four men who have escaped, should, at such an early hour in the morning, and during the entire day, have marched through a country filled by a dense population, run the gauntlet of police stations, and escaped notice of any description-except the notice, mer of their guns-is to me a thing most astonishing.

They very laborers in the vicinity of the place employed on the public works, and for whose support the sum stolen was destined, would take no part in the pursuit of these felons .-The people of the country took no part in the pursuit, and that four men, encumbered with five guns and an immense quantity of treasure, so heavy, I understand, as eight or nine cwts., should have travelled through a populous country, crossed the bounds of this county, and gone into another, is a thing not easily to be accounted for. Gentlemen, the state of society in which such occurrences as this could happen must be much disorganized indeed.

Similar disorganization prevails in Limerick county, King's country and in others. The county of Cork is in a horrible state.— Fever and dysenterey are making fearful havoc among the people. In the city of Cork fe-

ver is daily increasing and assuming a malig nant type. Many of the poor law guardians others employed in relieving the general distress have fallen victims to it in the county. The gaols of the county are crowded by a class of offenders created by the famine, and their fear is of acquital rather than conviction.

The Cork reporter says : Most horrible—most dreadful are the reports from the west of Cork. It is enough to curdle the blood even to listen to the description giv en by eye-witnesses of what is passing in that part of the country, and above all, in the two Carbaries. It is not food the unfortunate people now want most, it is medical attendance .-A pestilential fever, more mortal and destructive than cholera or plague, is carrying off the poor. There is not a house from Beniry to Skull that, with scarce a dozen, exceptions, does not contain either the sick, the dying, or the dead. The latter lie where they die, or are barely pushed outside the threshholds, and there suffered to dissolve! Their living relatives within the huts are too feeble to carry them farther; and the strong, outside—from distant places—and they indeed are few, are afraid to bendle unshroused and uncoffined bodies:

Judge of the consequences. The weather begins already to grow warm; decomposition sets in more rapidly than a month since. Let us state two or three facts which we have or unimpeabhable testimony. Our informant has told us that in one locality, where public works

conspicuously, that personage entered the ariment, and loudly greeted his friend.

"Hallo! my by: not up yet! Why, I've iman, in all in whiters an hour ago!" he exclaimed.—"How do you feel?

"Yah! rather shakey!" returned Mudge, mail in all in all

The O'Connell rent for the week ending

March 27 was only £29 9s 0d.
EMIGRATION FROM CORK.—Hundreds of co fortable looking farmers, of young women and men, all decently clad, continue to arrive daily, with the view of emigrating to America. In such numbers do they come, that the rapidity with which the bakers' shops in the vicinity of the quays are cleared of bread, is scarcely credible. ible. A few vessels have sailed for New York and Boston with emigrants; others are ready to

and Boston with emigrants; others are ready to follow, and ten more are preparing for the same destination. Among those that have startstart, are the Mary T. Rundlett, for New York, 115 passengers; Conte Potoski ditto, 74 ditto; Henry Patterson, ditto. 52 ditto; St. Lawrence ditto, 101 ditt; Isabella, ditto, 47 ditto; Globe for Boston, 177 ditto; and the Ovando, ditto, 121 ditto.

From this it will be seen that while five vessels are bound for New York, there are only two for Boston, and the proportion of passengers is as two to three; in other words, while 5 vessels convey 289 to Boston. A curious apology (we are vain to recollect these things) was that made by a celebrated gambler, who detected an opponent in the act of cheating. He observed him several times until he could entertain do doubt as to the fraud; and watching his opportunity, he setzed a fork which lay upon a neighboring table, and stuck it through the hand of the blackleg, pinning it the table.

"If the ace of clubs is not under your hand, sir, I have really to beg you a thousand pardons." present good sound seed potatoes sell in Cork at 2s 6d the weight of 21 lbs. The potatoes which the emigrants are taking off would readi-ly bring 1s. 9d. in the market—one penny per

Justice Shattore. Sir John hath injured me.
Bardolph. Sir, he doth, in some sort, confess.
Merry Wires of Windsor.
Perhaps we ought to begin this article with
an apology to our readers; but, on second
thought, remembering that, should I prove dull, they have a remedy in their own hand ly, the power of putting the paper out of them, we abstain.

We do not often enter a Court of Justices

tiff was not malicious, only indignant.

The next thing, and the real battle, was the settling of terms of apology. And this was the conversation that took place. Plaintiff's Connscl. The apology must

ourse, be ample enough to satisfy the lady's ounded feelings.

Defendant's Counsel. Without unnecessa-

humiliation to those of the defendant. P. C. When a man does wrong, he must ad mit it freely.

D. C. Of course; but you don't want hi

to crawl at your feet. P. C. I said nothing about crawling.

C. I never said you did. P. C. You implied it.

D. C. Your subtlety is inconceivable to diover that.

P. C. I appeal to the Court-C. About what.

D. C. Who is objecting? My learned brothis wonderfully thin-skinned this morning. P. C. You looked as if you were going to

D. C. Never mind my looks, P. C. I don't.

D. C. I'm glad of it. Go on. P. C. "I Timothy Titus-

D. C. What are you going over that aga

P. C. Because you interrupted me.

D. C. No such thing.
P. C. I appeal to the Court.
D. C. What about?

The Judge. I think you had better go on. P. C. Well, "I Blurt-" D. C. You do. P. C. Witty that. My learned brother

should keep it for his next tragedy. "Do hereby admit that in propagating a false and—"
D. C. Stop. We shan't say false. D. C. Stop. P. C. You must.
D. C. Not false—I dont mind erroneous.

P. C That won't do. D. C. Say unfounded.

tary officer was smoking a cigar at an open window, and he happened whether intentionally or not, to indulge in the unpardonable crime of expectoration, at the moment that a tailor of the town was passing with two professional fri The result was awkward, and the tailor

into a rage.
"I'll make him apologise for that, now,-

Come up with me."

The party ran up stairs, and rushed into the soldier's room, and the offunded schuzider opened the case.

"Lieutement B\_\_\_, sin. Did you spit upon

which the emigrants are taking off would readily bring 1s. 9d. in the market—one penny per pound.

Notwithstanding this excessive price, and that Indian meal, as food, is considerably cheaper and more portable, the preference is given to the potato. In four vessels no fewer than 365 cwts have beer taken. In the St. Lawrence there were 1722 lbs.; Globe 2560 lbs.; Isabella 210 lbs.; and Ovando 2552 lbs.—total, 7044lbs potatoes. This article of food is not of course that supplied by the passage brokers, but the private store of the passengers for cosumption on the voyage.—Constitution.

APOLOGIES.

Justice Shallow. Sir John hath injured me. Bardolph. Sir, he doth, in some sort, confess.

Winter Winter Companion and apology for the hasty manner is framing an apology for the hasty manner is framing an apology for the hasty manner is framing an apology for the hasty manner in which his own head was about to rush down among them, when the knife felt, and the half-uttered "Pardon."

Amusing Incident. An amusing incident is pleasantly record in the following passage from a fetter of writer "down east:"

We do not often enter a Court of Justice.—
Becaure we like to behave reverently, go where
we will; and in the halls of sacred Themis one
sees so much to make one laugh, that we dislike risking being turned out. But the other
day we happened to witness a scence on the
legal stage which made the stern Judge himself
smile, and

"Our bloods no more obey the heavens
Than do our Counsels' looks the Court's."

(By the way, the above is a perversion of a
passage in the opening of Cymbeline, which
nobody understands but ourselves.) Ermine,
silk grown, and stuff ditto were all shaken with
merriment. So we thought we also might
laugh—and we did.

This was the matter. A gentleman had, with
the best intentions, circulated some scandal about a lady, true or false, he had, clearly, no
business to talk about it. Counsel on both
sides agreed in this, and it was arranged, that
provided the same gentletnan would apologize,
there should be an end of the affair; the plain
tiff was not malicious, only indignant.

The next thing, and the real battle, was the is not furthering the object of my writing to you 'on the present occasion.' I wish to tell you of an incident that occurred to me some twenty times in the day the old woman would put the good hature of the steward, who was a jolly Irishman, to the test, by wishing to be lugged upon deck, then below again; insomuch, that they used to call her 'Mrs. Tee-to-tum.'— Sometimes she louged to recline on the deck; but then it was cold, and she had nothing to wrap herself up with. I made myself a great favorite with her by spreading out my Buffalorobe and tucking her up with my blook. You have no doubt been to see, and are acquainted with the exceedingly easy toilets that gentle-D. C. About what.

The Judge. Now then, arrange the terms of this apology. I think with the plaintiff's counsel, that it should be ample.

D. C. No doubt, my lord, no doubt. I have no objection to make it as ample as possible.

P. C. Very well. It might run thus—'4],
Timothy Titus Philemon Blurt"—well, what do you object to in that. It's the defendant's name isn't it?

D. C. Who is objecting? My learned brothwide open, and Mrs. Tec-to-tum, casting her eyes over toward mine, saw a sight which would have made each particular halr to stand en end, if she had had any of her own. She shricke! out the top of her voice: 'Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Captain! Steward! Mate! Oh, Lord! Oh! Mr
Whis has hung himself! He's dead! he's
dead! Out rush the passengers from every
berth, and down tumbled the whole ship's crew;
and such another peal of laughter the broad Atlantic never before echoed. And all t is was caused by my boots dangling in those pentaloohs by their unfortunate straps!"—Keick.

RANK IN THE ARMY. "Or a Darkey's dignity.—After a portion of the troops had lanced on the beach near Vera Cruz, on the night of the 9th of March, a body of the enemy commenced 9th of March, a body of the cheiny commenced a brisk fire of small arms into the encampinent. Of course, all hands were on the qui rire, expecting the Mexicans would make some demonstration upon our lines during the night, and when the firing commenced, concluded there about to be a general attack. The lines were soon formed, and not a word could be hard from the suddent has

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